To the WORSHIPFUL

JAMES CLARKE, Esq; MAYOR,

The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

AND THE REST OF THE WORTHY

Inhabitants *of the Town of* NORTHAMPTON,

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

Richard Claridge.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints*, in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *December* 1778, to the 21st Day of *December* 1779; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 9) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; the New Chapel in *King's-Head* Lane, 4; and also those buried at the *Quakers* Burying-Ground 3; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 9; the Meeting on the *Green* 0.

DISEASES.

Abortive and Stilborn	3	Convulsions -	3	Dropsy -	8	Inflammation -	4
Aged - -	13	Consumptions -	19	Drowned - -	1	Imposthume - -	1
Asthma - -	1	Cough - -	1	Fevers - -	22	Jaundice - -	2
Abscess - -	1	Chincough - -	6	Fits - -	7	Lethargy - -	0
Apoplexy - -	3	Cholic - -	0	Gravel - -	1	Mortification -	4

Palsey - -	1						
Rheumatism -	0						
Small-Pox -	5						
Teeth - -	3						
Thrush - -	3						

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	25	Ten and Twenty -	4	Forty and Fifty -	10	Seventy and Eighty -	9
Between Two and Five	11	Twenty and Thirty -	9	Fifty and Sixty -	7	Eighty and Ninety -	5
Five and Ten -	7	Thirty and Forty -	7	Sixty and Seventy -	8	Ninety and an Hundred	3

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
All-Saints. - -	42	31	73	62	41	103
St. Sepulchre's.	7	13	20	24	26	50
St. Giles's. - -	10	11	21	13	17	30
St. Peter's. - -	3	2	5	6	4	10
At the Meeting in St. *Peter*'s Parish - - -				0	8	8
In the whole Town.	62	57	119	105	96	201
	Decreased - -		54	Increased - -		44

N. B. Buried of the Small-Pox—All-Saints Parish 5—St. Sepulchre's 5—St. Giles's 0—St. Peter's 0—Total 10.

Ζάγκλη μοῖρα ὀξια πᾶν βροτῶν γένος ἀμᾶ. SCHREVELII LEXICON.

A sharp Scythe, without Distinction, mows down all the Generations of Mortals.

ONCE more, DEATH's gloomy *Harbinger*, I come,
With solemn Tidings, from the neighb'ring Tomb;
That great Destroyer's Victories rehearse;
" Inspire, O sacred Muse! the mournful Verse;
" Direct the melancholy Strains to flow,
" In all the native Dignity of Woe;
" And be each Line, well fraught with moral Truth,
" A kind Remembrancer to Age and Youth;
" That Age and Youth may to thy Voice attend,
" Be wise, and meditate their latter End."
That all, who tread upon this earthly Stage,
Shall drop into the Grave, th' inspired Page,
In Words unerring hath foretold, and now,
This *Annual Remembrancer* shews how,
To many of our Race, that dire Decree
Receives Accomplishment. Behold and see,
Here, one bow'd down, oppress'd, o'erwhelm'd appears
And sinks beneath the cumb'rous Weight of Years.
Others, e'er yet they view the mortal Shore,
Struggling to reach it, sink, and rise no more.
Some, by a sudden, *paralytic* Stroke,
Have all the Pow'rs of Sense and Reason broke;
The trembling Rigors run thro' all their Veins,
Or o'er one Half the Body Deadness reigns.
With *Agues*, many shiver on the Brink
Of Death's cold Waves, awhile, then down they sink.
See here, the *Asthma* suffocates, and there,
Convulsions strong the Constitution tear.
Yonder, the swelling *Dropsy's* fatal Tide
Spreads, o'er the vital Pow'rs, it's Influence wide.
The dreadful tort'ring *Gout*, the racking *Stone*;
Or Pains, *Rheumatic*, gnawing ev'ry Bone.
Disease *Variolous* " that does not spare
The Great, the Witty, or the Fair."
Or, more equivocal, with dubious Pace,
Consumption interrupts the human Race;
Now with more rapid Steps, and now more slow,
It comes, and, certain, strikes the final Blow.
Amidst all these, thron'd on a fiery Car,
The burning FEVER, like a baleful Star,
It's flaming Poison thro' the System darts,
And, speedy, to the Vitals, Death imparts.
But, stop my Muse, suspend the mournful Tale;
For, what will this sad Register avail?
Is there a Moral? any sacred Lore
The searching Mind can from this Bill explore?
Yes, mortal Man, and much it doth behove
Thee, by this solemn Lesson, to improve.
Slight not, but learn, tho' common be the Theme,
That, human Life is a polluted Stream;
That, real Happiness unmix'd, and clear,
Can never spread it's Streams around us here:
To GILEAD look, a great PHYSICIAN, there,
Heals ev'ry Sickness, softens ev'ry Care;
His Gospel chears the last expiring Breath,
And proves a sov'reign Antidote to Death.
Thro' him, look forward, with believing Eye,
To Regions, far beyond this lower Sky;
Where Sorrow, Sighs, and mortal Pains, shall cease;
The Air Felicity, the Climate Peace.
That Soul to whom this peerless Joy belongs
Shall join the Chorus of angelic Tongues
And hymn the Grace in everlasting Songs.